

Syracuse, Oct. 26, 1858.

Dear Wife:

I gave my lecture, last evening, in Convention Hall, a very neat and commodious room. Expecting only a baker's dozen present, in consequence of the pending State election, and the excitement growing out of it, I was agreeably surprised to find assembled some three or four hundred persons — a majority of them, however, being ladies. I did not touch upon politics, but confined myself wholly to the religious aspects of our cause. The attention was all I could ask, and my remarks, though strong and pointed, were repeatedly applauded. I feel fresh and strong this morning, notwithstanding my four long consecutive speeches at Portland; and I hope to get home in as good condition as I was when I went away.

It is one of the loveliest mornings of the season. The sun is shining brilliantly, and it would seem as if there were nothing but



peace and good-will in all the world. Mrs. May has just brought to me some ice to look at, the first of the season, as it was quite cold last night.

Mr. May, and Bonny, and myself, will start for Albany toward noon - they going down the Hudson river to-night, in the steam-boat, to New York, and I stopping at Lydia Mott's. I expect, so far as attendance is concerned, that my meeting at Albany, this evening, will prove a dead failure. There is no abolitionism in that city; and as Albany is the seat of government, it is a thoroughly corrupt and selfish place. Besides, the State election is to come off in the course of a few days, and there is no disposition to hear about any thing else. I tried to dissuade Lydia from attempting a meeting, but she has deemed it best to go forward, and so we must "run for luck." Had it not been for Mr. May's personal influence and large circle of friends, and under his own signature in the papers urging the people to attend the lecture here, I should have had an empty hall, beyond all doubt.



A week from this morning I hope to be at home. I do not see how I shall be able to reach home on Monday evening, at tea-time, according to my original calculation; for I believe that Cummington is some twenty or twenty-five miles from Northampton, which must be travelled in a private carriage over a very hilly road; so that the best thing I can do will be to try to intersect with the afternoon train at Springfield from New York to Boston, arriving home at midnight, or a little after. You may therefore leave the key outside of the door in the usual place; so that if I come at that time, I need make no disturbance. It will not be necessary to leave any light burning for me, as I can easily find the match-box on the kitchen shelf. And, besides, it is possible I may not get home until Tuesday evening at tea-time.

You will probably see Mr. May on Saturday. He expects to stop at his uncle's, if they can accommodate him; if not, he will be with us. As soon as Joseph returns, he



(Mr. May) will go directly to Paris, where John Edward will be waiting for him, and they both will travel through Switzerland, Italy, &c., until next spring, when John will return home, and Mr. May will go to England, and there spend the summer. I think he will take a new lease of life in so doing. Glad indeed am I that he has found kind and generous friends to make up a purse to defray his travelling expenses. To this end Gerrit Smith has generously contributed fifty dollars.

My remembrances cluster around the hallowed chamber of my dear and venerated friend, Mrs. Otis—the pattern of all that is patient, meek, and morally excellent, and a marvel for the fresh and lively interest she takes in all that concerns the progress and redemption of our race. Convey to her and Georgina my most affectionate regards.

and Mrs. Hoping to find my dear friends, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Hovey, and Mr. Hovey, in a convalescent state, and all well at home, and rejoicing to hear how well the dear children have behaved, I remain, Ever yours, W. L. G.